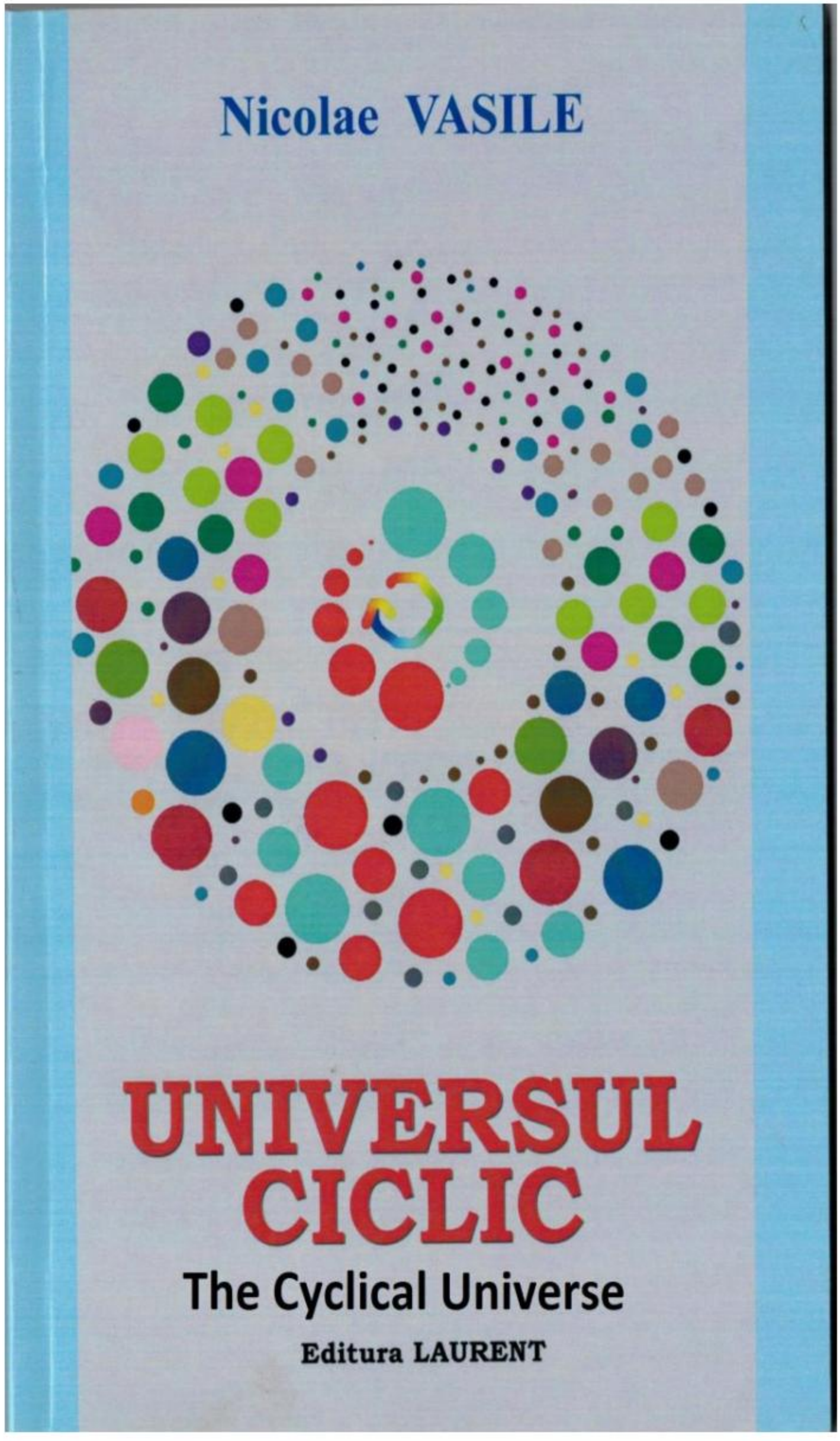
The Cyclical Universe
Nicolae VASILE



The Cyclical Universe
Nicolae VASILE

Universul ciclic

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Nicolae VASILE

The Cyclical Universe

Translation Andrei ARMEANU

To:
My wife Florina and my son Matei-Eugen.

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Motto:

"The Universe is cyclical, as is Man, but God wants us to be exponential!"

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GENESIS

All, and everything alive,
in this great a desert
to preserve its life it keeps
feeling, holding, learning.

The essential difference of
the living from mere matter,
not from its substance does arise
but from intelligence comes.

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A New Beginning…

The infinite space, and distance
from which, however far we go,
what still remains ahead of us
by nothing is diminished.

The infinite time, whatever we think,
of where it comes or goes,
nothing of it has yet passed
and ever more it flows!

There is no end, and no beginning,
their edge beyond conception,
all matter comes from infinite past
and leads to endless infinite.

A permanent transformation
of matter, not one way,
but going both from small to big
and big to small alike.

A chaos of particles there was,
from unknown horizons coming,
seemingly with no purpose,
yet more numerous becoming!

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Particles impossibly small,
ants of the infinite,
fast, from the endlessness arriving,
they ran, collided, hit.

A first happening, divine,
of great matter congealing,
where many nothings gathered and –
"Big Bang!" – made everything.

The same the Universe remained,
yet now with stars it's filled,
among them, some hard to explain,
black holes their names are billed.

The Universe now seemed bigger,
an infinite of shadow and light,
being in continuous motion,
and yet in its patterns tight.

The stars that the world are watching,
symbols of such waste of light,
regularly appear, and glowing
herald what's to come.

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The black holes are at fault for
keeping so much energy trapped,
the light in a prison vault,
no way out yet mapped.

The dual complementary entities
from deep eternity arriving,
unlike they were, unlike they'll be,
all permanently changing.

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The Earth Appears…

Nature drew its newest lines,
the infinite kept reconfiguring.
Time opened new horizons while
in code someone was recording.

The Universe, its structure changing
ever new equilibriums trying
in the horizons ceaselessly shifting
those newly appeared instantly vanishing.

A new synthesis phase appeared
at other speeds and temperatures –
particles closing in, and merging, formed
small bodies, then larger figures.

Universal attraction at work,
matter is slowly congealing,
against the pull of randomness
giving time a new beginning.

New celestial bodies were forming,
as our thoughts now tell us,
small or big, as each one was managing
and then… the Earth appeared!

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Life Appears…

And time flew, and flew some more,
matter gathered and dissolved,
new forms, lifeless, rose to fore,
but these too lived and resorbed.

Dead Nature is not a body, just
parts with energy and motion
that collide and break apart,
since matter feels no pain.

Another divine happening:
in water, heat, light and substances
from particles constantly changing
thus gathered… life appears!

But these life-drops too as they
are born, and grow. and fade
always new ones rise in their stead –
their fight is not in vain.

Life – something with no precedent:
to parts with pain and feeling
collisions still without an end
no longer are appealing.

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They gather, multiply - and more:
to what is theirs now mindful,
a lifestyle they get, acquiring what
to their code's growth is helpful.

Selecting what's good, and possible,
is hard, even for science,
time passed, sifted - did the incredible
and the first being appeared!

The genetic code assembled,
helped them to then propagate.
To fight matter thus enabled,
beings began to proliferate.

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Intelligence appears…

Matter had no intelligence,
and life, until then, neither.
Which meant – what could it mean then? -
what you do when you flounder…

Life forms many, other beings
appeared and will appear;
now, by their own capacities,
will they live, not disappear?

Some will self-select already,
granting their species consistency,
they developed – they know how –
the idea and yearning for intelligence.

Memorizing occurrences repeated,
and some good deeds that have happened,
correlating with everything else
marks all that has been learned.

Everything, strung together,
grew and gathered and
then lead to the selection that
the species could protect.

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All, and everything alive,
in this great a desert
to preserve its life it keeps
feeling, holding, learning.

The essential difference of
the living from mere matter,
not from its substance does arise
but from intelligence comes.

Matter exists as it is,
without intelligence,
no new matter will appear,
nor will this ever disappear!

The winds of the Universe,
blow it and divide it,
the forces of attraction though,
somewhere else they gather it.

Living matter, so it seems,
God desired it to be,
with a key difference, of essence,
coming from… intelligence.

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The living part, that feels,
the mind's inception small,
selecting from the many
memorizes it all.

Which means it lives,
can grow and choose,
and from each new situation
derive more information.

Intelligence then is alive –
and grows, with information –
and it is to experience tied,
gathering, feeling, selection.

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Society appears…

Once appeared, intelligence worked –
you're strong not just by fighting,
there are other ways to raise your might –
with as many others uniting.

New lifestyles then appeared again
for those solitary beings,
as they saw their lives increased,
by gathering, not spreading.

And so society appeared,
and lonely beings organized,
their wish increasingly more clear
to be together in counsel.

To defend themselves they first met up,
protecting each other they united,
together in standing meant better in hunt,
they liked that, and never parted!

Their shelters building, they saw increase
as everyone one brought out their best.
Working together warmed up their hearts,
and sleeping together, their bodies.

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The desire to feed still stood between them,
as everyone fought for themselves,
and as they could not live without it,
all still needed sharp minds and bodies!

Above earth, below it,
in air, water, wherever,
much closer beings grew,
putting their wishes together.

Any being, on its territory,
from Paradise to Purgatory,
even those tormented infernally,
fight and yearn for life – eternally!

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Man appears…

From back then, from the beginning,
labor, strife were not desired.
Though all tried what they could fathom,
very few success acquired.

From amongst these beings some,
changing, guided by their wishes,
proved themselves of higher might
in effort, brilliance and will.

Though at first in trees he lived,
one such being, 'human' called,
a much easier life he willed
that wouldn't tire him, or hurt.

The weapons and tools he invented,
this new being made different
from all other primate animals,
and then from trees he could descend.

He began to think some more,
other beings feared no longer,
he managed even to organize,
better to defend and hunt.

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Nothing in his path resisted,
working, hunting, food now plenty,
all the world ahead lay open,
as his pack now tribe became.

Many things beyond his grasp still,
though by that not bothered much,
while he still had food to eat
and could still defend himself.

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The Discovery of God…

Until then, the Universe
seemed to be just matter,
now the right time had perhaps
arrived for something else…

Misfortunes kept appearing,
explanations – not so much.
Humans thought: could it be that
someone above them willed it such?

As man floated, in his thoughts,
to the Universe's thought,
into the endlessness of thought
in dreams, the idea of God he caught.

They felt Him and, though to see Him
they could not, their thoughts obeyed Him.
Still, for them, a mystery He was
though no doubt they had of Him.

God is light, just like a wave,
that can everywhere reach,
and where He shows his Presence
he brings faith through interference.

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The power that he sends to us
by way of mind it comes,
not by substance is transmitted
but by resonance multiplied.

The Universe and God,
together a way they found
in support of man to come
and towards him light they poured.

Light, symbol of harmony
between Universe and God,
a support eternally,
for man and everyone around.

Man, subject to divine will,
could not grasp where light came from,
its deep structure unknown still,
matter and wave at once.

The heavens wishing to redeem him,
the holy light again in him to foster,
once in a while, emerged in new birth,
and so appeared the notion of Easter.

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He who believed in the Light
and its divine essence,
could have a life illuminated,
to his tribe bringing light.

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Woman Appears…

Man felt unfinished,
his life missing something,
so to God he went asking,
for help looking somehow.

God granted him an favor
for the wish he had brought forth,
and in exchange, a sacrifice:
from him, one of his ribs.

At God's request then man
a rib surrendered and,
as time passed, in the end
a wife he thus received!

In time, he learnt to think
before from God requesting,
for he might well receive
something he wasn't desiring!

The keystone of the world,
based on Matter, Time and Idea,
on Earth, in time, it proved to be
the relation of woman and man.

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God's Garden is Ready!

On the face of the Earth,
blown by the wind,
almost despite his own thoughts
rose man and his kin.

Up high, the Heaven's light,
below, the depths of Hell,
between them man's dilemma –
what's best for him? Do tell!

Lord, if in You I believe,
and then after tomorrow I thrive,
a worry I still have:
today and tomorrow, what life?

Being the only learned ones,
humans want themselves apart,
among others, many beings,
their own wishes to impart.

All standing in one place,
unrolling life's big game,
each of them in his own space
seeking Earth-wide fame.

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A peacock boasting with its feathers,
a swan batting eyelashes,
and next, a nightingale endeavors
to flaunt bright color flashes.

Flowers, of themselves proud,
wilting all too early,
in their lives – oh, what a strain! -
seek immortality.

Some crows, right next to them,
amidst people and flowers,
hop-hop, skipping all around,
no rush, over the meadows.

Eternity means zilch to them,
and Heavens not much better,
to dreams attention they don't pay –
they live them, for that matter!

People they patiently regard,
for in their long lives of centuries,
they might remember at some point
being once contemporaries.

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Thinking that only they do shine,
people lose sight of what they want.
Rich, powerful and mighty fine
to be forever is their want.

Not everything that's dear to man
is also to our Lord,
and in the long passage of time
even the good changes mold.

Help all the creatures that don't speak
even if they're so many,
and to you mute they do appear,
teach them to you to listen!

Have them forever in your care,
without them life's all flat,
for they much love gift unto you,
in their gaze you can see that.

A plant, at first,
try to support,
an animal to raise next
then all you'll start to value!

Have care that all of them can have
the food and water needed,
and then for you there is hope, too:
Ask God and He will grant it.

APOTHEOSIS

Poetry… is something else:
you cannot write
no matter what
you see, observe and synthesize.

Something you'd like – you cannot have;
you want to be – you don't know how;
you want to do – but lack the means;
then you wake up – and start to write!

Poetry isn't a writing –
it's rather what you dream!
And if you have something to say
you wake up and fall – up and away!

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Love appears…

Without a rib, with wife instead,
and God above us all,
our way to infinites we tread
to see what there's to find.

So that she may not lesser feel,
man's equal desiring to be,
now woman's turn came to appeal
and make requests of God.

"Lord, so it may be better,
for that we pray to you,
please do us all a favor,
to keep us still together."

"Please, Lord, you find us something
so that men desire us –
for just as they could spare one rib,
they could spare a wife no less!"

"To wars if they'd stop going,
with us more time to spend,
the pleasure of home then feeling
no more as punishment!"

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So God then brought out… love,
with it marking completion,
and bringing forth such happiness,
good life and… multiplying!

"The essential understanding
for the love's gift from above,
will make your life much better
for all of those who love."

And thus from heavens, suddenly,
as in a dream, something appeared.
It was a woman, who, wonderfully,
as soon appeared, she disappeared!

"Where is she from, Lord? And
what does she have to say?
And why, to that extent,
to say it, she won't stay?"

Mystery enough above her,
underneath her mysteries more…
"What's her life like?" we all wonder,
while some may even disappear, galore.

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"Is her life truly full
of good and bad alike?
What might she be expecting
from my own thoughts to come?"

"How can I better know her,
closer to her become?
All that's humanly possible,
on earth and sea I'd do…"

Oh, you! … bold man.
Woman is not a weapon or tool.
You'll reach her hand,
step by step, that's the rule…

Woman does need to be told
always that she's loved and worthy,
even when to you she's cold,
and avoids you, hesitating.

She feels hurt
if you don't court,
though she often
uses "never!"

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He gets “maybe” to mean “later”
as she courting still awaits,
and if he then truly loves her,
never does he hesitate.

When you love, as on a whim,
another person you encompass.
All that’s hers will hurt you, too,
while the whole world disappears.

You don’t know if it is good,
it’s a miracle to you,
if it comes or doesn’t, still,
you can’t chase away or keep…

When in lack, you surely miss it,
when you have it – full of worries!
And to her all the good wishing
even if no longer with you.

“Come, my darling… come, beloved…
even in my dream, a first that
I dare call you by such names –
how our souls will then rejoice!”

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"I spent a sleepless night -
it seemed that God was working
with chisel, drill, and might
through my mind and heart carving."

"He tormented me, unceasing,
with something that my conscience –
maybe yours too! – though it was feeling,
knew not what it truly was…"

"Night it was, the house at rest -
a cat, quietly purring,
though no ideas did she have,
somehow seemed to be helping…"

"Stay, wait, my love!
Don't leave, don't be afraid,
it's nothing, I'm not crazy,
it's just… that I'm awake!"

"But my waking
meant something new:
I have received a godly gift
to tell you: I love you!"

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"Love is a heavenly gift,
not a human transaction,
those chosen to receive
they love… however much!"

"To know what Heaven is,
while still alive,
you only have to love
but also be loved too!"

"To know what Hell is,
even before your death,
suffices that you love, if
your love is not fulfilled."

"Now, my beloved,
my fate is at your will,
I can not think but at
the love I have for you!"

"And whether my life were
either Heaven or Hell
depends on you alone –
the answer you will tell…"

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There, now that love existed,
like fires blazing high,
a single error, if you missed it,
on the spot it would die!

So that love could triumph,
many things are to be done,
but it will be sinless,
only between woman and man.

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Creation Appears

A new heavenly gift
to you all I give:
creation – divine attribute –
now you may receive!

From nothingness to being,
from power and desire,
I created you all once
now you're mine, dead or alive!

And for your own wellbeing,
in Me I gave you faith,
a token of my friendship –
my Son to you I left!

So you can have a fuller life
I gave of My divine power,
so you can now create as well,
art, science, and things newer!

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Transfer of Creation

To see what no one else has done and
do it yourself – such honor!
It is creation, not just hazard,
and innovation called.

It is fulfillment, and a glimpse
of spirit, a delight that
not every one can bring about,
though tiring, it hurts not.

You observe what others do,
you add them up, string them together,
you write what thoughts then come to you,
and with your soul you bind them.

And then if what came of it
is by someone read,
if they seem to like a bit,
prose it shall be called!

Poetry… is something else:
you cannot write
no matter what
you see, observe and synthesize.

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Something you‘d like – you cannot have;
you want to be – you don’t know how;
you want to do – but lack the means;
then you wake up – and start to write!

A poem comes, if gifts you have –
if not, just loss of sleep…
Nothing I have, or do, or I can be –
why then awake to keep?

Shall I now wake
and a new poem write
or pass into the sleep
that lasts forever?

Poetry isn’t a writing –
it’s rather what you dream!
And if you have something to say
you wake up and fall – up and away!

With education and insistency,
and without losing faith,
good man, you have consistency
enough for a good life!

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God brought into the world so far
people many, full of merit,
made for deeds sublime and more:
of great souls and hearts to credit.

Aristotle taught us all
that it's good to heed him,
and inquire on and on,
if something's good or evil.

As Virgil and Dante both
showed us to be possible
you can pass through Heaven and Hell
but leave a path available!

Leonardo, Michelangelo,
calculated all that was,
mathematics they gave a go
both in science – and in art!

Newton and Einstein alike
brought light to what light was,
after centuries of strife,
deemed it particle – and wave!

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Goethe, Marx, also Voltaire,
mysteries unfolding,
all without denying love
made work the base of living.

Brothers Wright, Coanda and Vuia,
without saying Hallelujah,
made man spring into flying
without the fear of dying.

Odobleja, Turing and Wiener,
chased out all fear from youth
as now mistakes grow thinner
since we computers use!

Eminescu and Nietzsche,
unlike what of them is said,
that they might have liked to die
that is rather others' dread.

They got it well that time itself
is not like bodies are,
flows by itself, without a rhyme –
broken by love alone!

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Lukasiewicz, Moisil and Zadeh,
invented the charm of logic,
making it no longer crazy
to use logic that is fuzzy!

Georgescu-Roengen told us,
for as long as Earth still holds,
that the remedy that's needed
from energy and nature flows.

Stay as close you can to Nature,
she's a mother good to you,
you can't live just from ideas,
matter has a role there, too…

Physical labor is a blessing,
through forests, and through gardens,
go to it then, not fearing that
hands dirty you will get!

From Nature you are born,
be not afraid of Nature!
However much you learn,
food, too, you'll always need!

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The Flow of Time

Time, to synchronize your life:
when there's sun outside to work,
with a measure even better:
by moon at night to sleep.

Since everything is cyclical,
(perhaps because it's biblical)
be ready to begin anew
live your life, don't give up!

You meek in spirit, that you were,
no thoughts your mind disturbing,
during your life you pulled and pulled,
… to Time losing in fighting.

And those of you who loved the school,
and learning kept foremost in thought,
even when lacking many books
with Time you had a better lot.

Perhaps your health brought you much grief,
yet Earth swallowed you not,
because good God judged you aright,
giving you life… and time!

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And many loves you withstood too,
felt like endtimes to your mind,
the pain of loved or beloved,
then robbing you of… time.

In life you can do many things
picking your fruit sublime,
if you work hard, hustle and root,
without losing... your time!

In poetry you can be, too,
illuminating thoughts divine,
given by God, so that you can
successfully beat… time!

Towards the end, when so it seemed,
that all blown with the wind,
not even love would you commend,
saying you're lacking… time.

Desires do not just stop here,
keeping their order fine,
and when at last you older grow,
you can't just stop… the time!

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Leave time alone, to run its course,
and help your lives unfolding;
lack what you want, want what you have
thus life a Heaven making!

APOCALYPSE

We decanted from the infinite,
to the Universe a sweet addition,
everything form chaos once arose –
will chaos be then our last edition?

The Universe is not like Earth –
just like Man is not like God –
it will flow forever forth,
man, no man, into the future.

Man can still continue on,
forward an intelligent being,
or instead he might revert
back to mindless particles…

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The Light Disappears

Natural light, sign of the unity
between the Universe and God,
particle and wave was and will be,
though to discover that was hard.

The light of spirit is God Himself,
everywhere, never fixated,
we grow through culture, science, art,
and love gives us lives illuminated.

Through our God-given creation,
in his spirit Man grew much,
his light now at such expansion,
more than lighting: blinding such!

What with all the light that's gathered,
the world isn't a clean place,
men themselves are not quite angels,
and, though many, lonely live.

Darkness is not lack of light,
but a prison of light, full
of such dense negative might
that her beams outside can't pull.

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Pollution appears…

Like an ant an elephant battling
so does Man and Earth combat,
the proportions far from equal,
and the hope for good worth squat.

But if ants, even so little,
like an army of tiny sprites,
gather many on one issue,
they demolish it like fire.

From old times, before was counted,
our planet was to man great help,
giving him all that he needed,
since when from trees to ground he went.

Now the moment is arisen
that men help the Earth instead,
with their love, towards redemption,
with arts and sciences future lead.

The green Earth, once full of life,
now a desert lost in mists,
it's what we caused in our strife,
for our narrow, petty needs.

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Love Disappears…

Where the people?
They no more…
Dogs they have become instead,
while the dogs better are still!

Where the dogs?
They no more…
Killed by those people,
become insane!

Where the children?
They no more - angels now become
before taking birth, while we
still line up in relics worship.

Where the angels?
They no more – devils now become,
all the way around us,
watch your step for one!

Is there still love,
can we still have redemption,
don't all our arguments
our planet hurt?

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Hazard gathers us two by two,
to dig into all we have within us,
the billions of neurons to unite
into a single being then to merge.

We touch fingers and toes,
hands and feet,
that come from no molds
and similar yet.

In a supreme harmony
we unite into eternity,
with generosity, we say,
hoping that so it will be.

Like sky, eternity is vast
only for those meek of spirit.
The communion, brought by pleasure,
of a sudden, pain becomes.

My neurons are more convoluted,
and so, clearly, much clever than yours,
much greater my ancestors rooted
than yours, poor, full of sores.

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Your hands, like a weasel's,
are not full of diesel,
while you love your culture
I dig agriculture!

When you don't love, that's far better,
for nothing from you will then break,
no questions, no turmoil, no chatter,
no nothing, right after you croak.

The girls are more manly,
taking care of it all,
and entrepreneuring –
may man go to hell!

They don't want live ones any more,
when you can find them in boxes,
though even when choosing at the store,
they seem all backwards set.

Today, no loss to be an idiot
as long as you still have a fat account,
and against a well-moneyed brute
even hundreds of learned ones don't count.

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The boys have computerized love,
not losing their tempers that easy,
no more jumping fences to court,
the card makes it now easy-peasy.

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Renouncing God…

Creation, left to us by God,
much good did us, and evil as well,
when man would no longer obey,
his arrogance and vanity swell.

And people are no longer themselves,
instead they all wish to be gods,
from spiritual horizons they made
little Universes, in pockets to fold.

Our vanity grown beyond measure,
with God all connection we fled,
and his Son, to us given as covenant,
we killed Him outright, out of greed.

And because about us he doubted,
God then took back His Son to Himself,
only granting us once in a while
a sign that our Earth He's still watching.

Take away, Lord, from our desires!
Take away, Lord, from what we can,
so we can no longer despoil
may it be that… Your will be done!

The Cyclical Universe
Nicolae VASILE

A New End…

The Universe is eternal and endless,
energy and substance alike,
the Earth, just a drop and a sliver,
of hope, that is teeming with life.

The Earth, it is finite,
partly solid and part atmosphere,
and it will not forever endure
in the narrowness of its own sphere.

It can no longer for us be,
an infinite garbage disposal,
and amongst all, most cruel, turns out,
are by far its most powerful dwellers.

Energy, so much sought out,
without which life cannot be,
exists in forms both clean and dirty,
the choice up to man now to see.

The trash from all over the world,
from energy dirty, from us,
will kill us in time, and throw all
whole millennia back into the past.

The Cyclical Universe
Nicolae VASILE

There will be found in our atmosphere
an abundance of greenhouse gases,
that will isolate us from the rest of the Cosmos,
from which we've still much to receive.

We'll consume all that's left on the planet,
and our needs will then strangle us all,
we'll consume from our trash in the end,
till each other we'll devour, after all.

On Earth there's much power destructive,
much greater than what is productive,
which if, by sick minds once triggered,
can blow our planet to bits!

From a "Big Bang" in the beginning,
to get a "Big Bang" in the end,
all it takes is only a signal,
given by a criminal hand…

And so we can revert, just for nothing,
to the mindless particles of old,
if a mastery of mind's not acquired,
we will break when colliding, as told.

The Cyclical Universe
Nicolae VASILE

Collisions many, often, unhindered,
into the endless past can propel us,
and not even pain can then limit
what the mind can no longer rein in.

We decanted from the infinite,
to the Universe a sweet addition,
everything from chaos once arose –
will chaos be then our last edition?

The Universe is not like Earth –
just like Man is not like God –
it will flow forever forth,
man, no man, into the future.

Man can still continue on,
forward an intelligent being,
or, instead, will he revert
back to mindless particles?